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AMERICANISM AND THE DOWNFALL OF
IMPERIALISM.

Ever moving, like resistless time itself, following the sun's eternal westward course, and seemingly directed by the hand of God, has gone the supremacy among nations. In the world's dawn, before the mists which shrouded history were scattered, the far east was the seat of power and civilization. But the surging waves of migration bore it westward until India, Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome had harbored the banners of triumph. The imperial city fell, and for centuries the nations struggled for its baneful legacy, world-wide domain.

Such is the miniature of history before our era; a face marred with contending passions, stamped with greed and self-acclaim, a face of coldness to which sympathy for the oppressed and for the rights of man is alien. But there came a change. The English power, the farthest toward the west, the highest type of all the civilizations gone

before, oppressed colonies and lost them in the conflict which followed. In that struggle for liberty a new nation was given birth, with a new destiny, a new mission for the world. Here should be no despotism of the East. Here should be no old world greed for world conquest. But a Republic with Liberty its emblem; a state for the people, by the people, and of the people; the refuge of the down-trodden of all lands.

Europe mocked at its weakness. And Europe gave its multitudes to make it strong. The old world laughed at its sense of freedom. And that freedom is becoming the ideal of the old world. All peoples doubted it. And because all peoples have sought its civilization, it has had to expand from the first narrow strip of seacoast to the vast width of a continent. The star of supremacy which arose in the far east has completed the circuit. Today it is the beacon light of the young Republic of the far west, not for aggrandizement, not for oppression, but for giving the world the highest freedom, the noblest civilization, at the command of the great Ruler of the Universe himself. That this is our mission, that we are capable of such a mission, and that the time is at hand, judge from some of the facts of our history.

When that struggle for liberty came, one hundred and twenty-three years ago, a man arose without whom liberty would have been impossible, the revolution but the shackles of a deeper servitude. Washington was as divinely led as any seer of old Judea. By him was our government founded, by him was it guided through the first tottering steps of its history. "Organization means growth." The nation which pauses loses forever its place among the powers of the world. "So when Washington plead with the states to organize into a consolidated people he was the advocate of perpetual growth," the prophet of the greater Republic.

The hour hand of time and history moved. The nationality formed in the revolution was imperilled. American liberty was to be tested. And to preserve the state which Washington founded, Providence brought from among the people another of its greatest men, before whose faith the storms of the Civil War grew calm. The Republic was forever united, its freedom proved of the highest type when made universal by the emancipation of the slave. As Washington's work foretold perpetual growth, Lincoln's prophesied the spread of American liberty and civilization to the remotest bounds of earth.

The education of the United States was almost completed. One finishing touch remained. The world must realize its mission and understand its power. How could this be accomplished more grandly than in a war against the most cruel despotism of the old world? How more vividly than in giving freedom to a down-trodden people? How better than in a contest so signal in its triumphs for the Republic that the guidance of Providence should be manifest to all peoples? And the world now knows that North and South and East and West are one; and religion, nationality, sect, and class are united here in defence of the oppressed; that this land of liberty is also the greatest of nations, the new home of the matchless Anglo-Saxon race. We are a chosen people. The impress of the finger of God is on every step of our history. By the three crises of the past and the isolation of our growth, He has completed our preparation for the mightier tasks of the broader future. And the supreme lesson of that growth in the past is that in every crisis He has given men capable of solving all the problems, as bright an array as were ever set in the diadem of a nation's heritage. Trust in the Almighty. Believe that new problems can have no terror for this advancing people. Have faith in that western race, unequalled in energy, resistless in numbers,

preëminent in wealth and language and country, uniting for the first time in history the three great elements of civilization, the law of the Roman, the mind of the Greek, and the spiritual insight of the Jew. Let the watchword of the Republic be, "Onward for the mighty, justice-loving Lord." The world is ready, the mission is the noblest ever given a people, we are prepared, and the time is at hand.

Such are the notes of the music of our history. Put them together, and, lo, a daring and beautiful anthem in harmony with the music of the spheres. Match the letters of our growth and mayhap they will form the alphabet of a divine command, something of the prophecy of the future for the universe. The rosebud breaks into the full blush of the perfected flower. The boy grows to manhood. America must fulfill its destiny. And the measure of that destiny, the presence of divine Providence throughout our history proclaims! The sun-rise of the twentieth century opens on the Western Supremacy, not for oppression, but for giving the light of the new-world freedom to every land still wrapped in the darkness of the night.

—*DeWitt Vermilye Hutchings.*

TO ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Fantasio, fantastic dreams arose
Hot from the forge of thine impassioned thought.
And dreaming once, a Flemish scene was sought,
Soft as a Zephyr, sweet and pale as glows
The silver moon across the silent snows.—
A trav'ler quaffs the cup a maid has brought
Then spurs along the road with peril fraught
But hears her gentle blessing ere he goes.

So I, upon the great gray charger, Life,
With twenty leagues behind and more ahead,
Panting have paused before thy hostelry;
Within, the sounds of mystic mirth were rife,
Mingled with pathos deep, and passion dread.
And there I drank this stirrup-cup to thee.

—D. Laurance Chambers.

THE WAY IT CAME ABOUT.

NEW ORLEANS, May 20th, 189—.

MY DEAR TOM,

I have been meaning to write to you ever since you got back to New York again, but have kept putting it off. I want your blessing, dear Tom, as I am engaged to Mr. Harriman. I do hope that you will find him congenial, for you must not think that a little thing like this will make any difference in our friendship. You know there is no one in whom I take more interest than I do in you. I know you are going to make a name for yourself some day, and then I shall be more than proud. You have been so good to me already that I am going to ask you to do me a great favour; *please* come to my wedding. I expect to be married on the first of next month. You really must make the effort, and we will try to make you have a good time.

With best wishes, your sincere friend,

EDITH.

"Bah!" exclaimed Tom, crumpling the little note savagely in his fist. "She might have just told me that she was engaged without rubbing it in by asking me down to her wedding. I'll——"

But he changed his mind and sank down in his big easy chair. He slowly smoothed out the crumpled paper and read it once more as if to make sure that he understood it rightly. There was no mistake; she was to be married—married to some one else. His hand fell to his side and he leaned back, stupefied, shocked; and there in the soft twilight the whole thing seemed to come to him once again.

He remembered the college dances, and then the summer—yes, best of all the summer, with its boating and its driving and all the other pastimes where two make company. How time went by! Early in September came the letter from his uncle telling him of the opening for him in South Africa, the land of undeveloped wealth. Then came that last night, down by the rocks, when he told her of his devotion, and how he loved her; and she, bundled up in his big ulster, the wind blowing the golden locks back from her upturned face, had——, but why think of that now? It did not seem possible that it was over a year and a half ago when, with all his earthly possessions securely stowed away in two small trunks, he had started out to seek his fortune. London and Cairo—a letter from her at each place—passed quickly by in his thoughts, and he saw himself in Capetown sitting at dinner with his uncle. "Tom, my boy," the latter had said, "you'll do well here. All you've got to do is to make the niggers respect you, and let them feel that your word is law. Better to king it out in the free open air of South Africa than to slave it in a stuffy New York office at half the salary. Eh, Mr. Overseer of the Cape Colony Railway?" From that time on he had stood daily in the

scorching sun, giving an order here, an explanation there. The society in that little settlement of two hundred or so white people did not appeal to him. True, he had dined occasionally at the house of the British resident, but that had only been to break the monotony of the days between mail steamers.

The following May, when all were leaving to escape the wet, fever months, he had begged permission to stay on just a couple of weeks or so, that he might complete his work on the western branch road. Then came his illness with all its fearful agonies, and his removal to the island of Madagascar, where for days and days he had hung half way between life and death. And his convalescence—how many times had he read and re-read those precious letters while resting after a short stroll among the hills! His eyes would wander listlessly out over the glittering waters toward the low, flat mainland, and he would wonder what she—

The man broke off short in his reveries and arose to his feet. Striking a match, he lit the gas, and then began to rummage through his desk drawers, until, underneath a pile of old papers, he came to a bundle of letters. Untying the ribbon which bound it, he sat down and began to read these letters one by one, indifferently at first, but with more and more interest as he went on.

"Damn it!" he exclaimed, bringing his fist down as he finished the last one, "I'll go to that wedding after all."

* * * * *

"I hope Harriman won't mind my calling on his bride to-night, instead of going to that bachelor dinner, but I must see her alone," thought Tom as he sat waiting for the girl to make her appearance.

"Tom!" she cried a moment later, bursting forward to

greet him. "I knew you'd come. It's so good to see you again. And you look just the same, only browner."

"Yes, Edith, only browner," he replied absently.

The conversation seemed to flag; talk of what she would, she seemed unable to interest him. At last, driven to desperation, a happy thought struck her.

"Oh, Tom! you haven't seen my presents yet; they are simply divine!" and she led the way into the library. "Now!" she cried triumphantly with a sweeping gesture toward the many pieces of bric-a-brac and silver ware upon the table.

"Simply divine," repeated Tom slowly, looking squarely at the girl. "That reminds me; you have nothing from me yet. Sit down here and tell me what you want. Let me see now; you have a clock, a punch bowl, plates, vases,—I—er—Edith—I have a locket and picture that I thought you might like. I used to like them when I had something to look forward to, when—No, I'm going to finish. I know I shouldn't talk this way, but you see I'm going back for good, soon, and it won't matter. You see I was foolish and young then," he continued bitterly, "and I really meant it. No, no; it wasn't your fault—I ought to have known better, but—er—but I thought then that you meant it too."

While he was speaking she had turned her face from him as though through shame. After a moment's silence she said softly. "*I did* mean it, Tom, and—and I think—oh, it's awfully wrong and wicked, but"—she faced him defiantly—"I *do* mean it still!"

He bent forward quickly and grasped her hand.

"You *do* mean it still, little girl!" he whispered eagerly. "You *do* mean it? And you will come with me? Edith, you must come! Yes?"

"But, Tom, what will they say, what will they *think*—all those people who are coming tomorrow?"

"Oh, they won't care, little one," he said, drawing her to him. "There are lots of other good shows in town, and they can easily find something else to amuse them."

They did.

—*Robert Rudd Whiting.*

A TALK ON ESSAYS.

Essays are best classified into four groups, according as they are good, excusable, bad or worthless. An essay is like a loaf of bread—it is the product of the wheat of knowledge, ground between the rollers of intellect, sifted through a personal equation and baked into loaves for the consumption of other intellects. If the wheat is hard well-rounded, free from cockle and must and if the mill is first-class, in good running order, the out-put will be good. Even if the mill is out of repair or has burr-stones instead of rollers, good wheat will make the product pardonable. But a good mill—no matter how hard it try—cannot make anything but poor flour out of bad wheat. Lastly, if both the mill and the wheat are poor, the result is worthless.

As grain is necessary for bread, thoughts are essential to an essay. It must not be a mere collocation of the symbols of language, a flow of words without suggestive or instructive ideas. If the subject-matter be wholesome, the product will be good. Just as there is bearded and smooth, red and white, winter and spring wheat, together with sub-varieties almost innumerable, so the matter of essays may vary from a mere description, to a keen critical discussion of men and books, and finally to those questions which are so common that they are overlooked, like the strong foun-

dations, that they are to our life, hidden away beneath the dust and waste of our bustling existence. The kind of matter that shall be put into a particular essay depends upon the source from which it is derived, upon the quality of the illuminating intellect and upon the character of the probable readers. As a nation, the Americans prefer essays of biographical and literary criticism rather than philosophical discussions of life problems, which are so usual in England.

A glance at the back numbers of this magazine, will disclose biographical, critical, philosophical, social and miscellaneous essays. Deeming it probable that future numbers will contain the same variety, it is our purpose to discuss some suggestions or principles about the choice of essay subjects for college students. However much we may argue against specialization in education, in essay-writing a student must specialize if he is to become even passably skilled. A modern undergraduate writes so few essays that, if they cover a number of random subjects, the average standard of excellence will be much lower than that of the same number of essays of one general character, handled in a similar manner.

The important question for each student is the essay-type to which he belongs. When one's memory is tested, he is made to recall a written, then a spoken word. This experiment is repeated until it is clearly evident that he remembers one class of words more easily than the other; if written words, he belongs to the visual type. Why not apply the same experimental investigation to essay-writing? Write a narrative biography of some great man, Ulysses S. Grant let us say; then a character sketch of the same man; then outline the influence that he exerted upon his age. Or discuss the relation of an author's private to his literary life; take one of his works and write a criticism of it. Do not be too humble or self-derogatory to venture into the

sphere of politics or philosophy ; or to treat such questions of experience as Honesty, Fair Play and the like.

After the student has written half a dozen essays, or more, on subjects—one selected from each of the various kinds of essays (as biographical, political, etc.) in which he has or can arouse any interest, devoting to the elaboration of each subject an equal amount of energy, let him carefully review them all and select the best two or three. Then choose three new subjects of the same character as those of these best essays, and again apply an equal amount of energy. An examination of this second set of essays should reveal his essay-type, that is, the class of essays in which he will be most proficient. For instance, if he finds that the best three essays first selected were a biographical narrative, a character-sketch and a criticism of a book ; and further, if the best of the second set of essays written on similar subjects is a character-sketch, he may be reasonably sure that his forte in essay-writing is the character-sketch. Therefore he should devote himself exclusively to character-sketches. He need not fear monotony—a good thing well done is never monotonous ; it is the continued lack of skill in performance that wears out the nerves and exhausts the interest.

There is only one obstacle to the practical application of this theory—namely, individual laziness, both of the writer and his friends. Suppose a man's first attempt in essay-writing is a passably fair biographical essay. In more than nine cases out of ten, his second, third and fourth attempts will be in the same sphere, that of biography. The excellence of his later efforts will then depend on the fortuitous circumstances of his first essay having been of the same kind as his essay-type. But, until he has experimented, how can he be sure what that type is? It is in this connection that there has arisen that over-worked adage of condolence ; “you are helped more by fail-

ures than by successes." For a failure in a biographical essay will change the character of the subject of the second attempt. If a student has fallen into the first literary rut that crossed his path, let him up and hasten on to the discovery of his essay-type! But there are at least a dozen kinds of essays and not all students have enough ambition or realization of future responsibility to write twelve essays for a definite purpose. However such men are beyond the scope of this discussion—he is not worth helping, who does not help himself.

Granting that personal laziness has been overcome and the twelve essays completed, is the writer capable of selecting the best three? If, as some one has said, thoughts are but sparks from the furnace of the mind, is the furnace capable of judging the brilliancy of the sparks? Can the mind that produced judge the merits of the production? In answering this question let us consider a concrete instance. To write a good biographical essay, it is necessary to become thoroughly cognizant with every petty detail, every obscure trait, besides the general outlines of the subject's life. Into the resulting essay the writer is apt to weave thoughts that are unintelligible to the ordinary reader. How frequent the criticism "I don't quite catch the author's idea!" Nor would the author himself appreciate the significance of many sentences, were it not for the light furnished by his unexpressed, special information. Any topic which has been made the subject of a man's attentive study for many hours of industrious labor, is reflected to his eyes amid the glow of his own concomitant enthusiasm. Until this glow has faded away the author cannot but be a prejudiced critic. Horace says it takes nine years for this halo to die away, but such a period of probation is impracticable in the multiplicity of cares engaging the attention of the student to-day. The writer must either not become enthusiastic over his essay or else submit it to the judgment of his friends.

In the first case it is impossible to write a good essay; for as Holmes says "all uttered thought is of the nature of an excretion. Its materials have been taken in, and have acted upon the system and been reacted upon by it; it has circulated and done its office in one mind before it is given out for the benefit of others. How can it benefit others if it has not benefitted the author? How can it interest others if it has not interested him?"

The student is driven by necessity to submit his work to the judgment of his friends. Alas, for the lamentable dominance of the idea that the desire for praise and commendation is the controlling motive in submitting one's literary efforts to the criticism of friends! No doubt Holmes is right in his general conclusion that "those who ask your *opinion* really want your *praise* and will be content with nothing less;" but in college and among college friends, it is to be hoped, there may be found the exception that proves this rule. The rarity of adverse or suggestive criticism is deplorable; if the friend cannot make some helpful suggestions, let him acknowledge his own laziness or inability. But do not gloss these over with flattery and empty praise. Mr. James Spedding had the correct idea of friendly criticism—an idea so much needed among the undergraduates of this University that the repetition of the quotation may be pardonable.

"I do not encourage my friends to talk to me about my own performances, except where they have objections to make. If you hit, you do not want praise; if you miss, praise won't mend it. The question is, whether the people who care about the subject but don't care about me, find the book interesting."

The importance of essay writing is underestimated. However much aid in the literary requirements of the curriculum, a Princeton undergraduate may receive from that enterprising firm in Ohio, he will not find it easy

in after-life to conceal the fact that his last lecture cost ten dollars and the next debate fifteen, while he paid twenty dollars for that "brand-new" commencement oration.

The thing of primary importance is to select a good subject. Remember good wheat makes good flour and bad wheat makes bad flour. The writer must either plant the seeds of his own ideas or thresh over the harvest of other brains until he has secured an adequate amount of unified thought. A grain of wheat will not make a loaf of bread nor one thought an essay. Be careful to screen out the cockle and broken grains; one loaf of good bread is worth ten loaves of bad. Limit the essay to thoughts and avoid padding, remembering that it takes a very poor mill to spoil good wheat.

—James H. Moffatt.

TO JOHN BROWN.

Far up a wild and storm-swept mountain side,
Where Nature holds her course unharmed and free,
Lies thy lone grave which only those may see,
Who make the pilgrimage. The winds that ride
The towering heights, the tiny flowers that hide
Beneath the rude, rough rock that tells of thee,
Are emblems of thy life. No place could be
More like thy spirit, free from worldly pride.

Time tempers all and Time has just begun,
God changes all and God for e'er holds sway.
Now men rejoice that Freedom's cause was won
Though brothers' blood incarnadined the way.
In war's black night thy spirit, Pilgrim Son,
Led on and on to light of better day.

—Ralph Powell Swofford.

SUNSET.

A young man with a very strong imagination, who reads much and spends considerable time in "day dreaming," can, by the time he is twenty-three or four, acquire some strange ideas. These ideas, in time, seem so real to him that he lives almost wholly in a world of his own fancy. He gradually loses his ability for any practical undertaking requiring keen attention, and becomes merely a dreamer. Such an one was the young man looking thoughtfully out over the sea from the deck of a large Atlantic liner, eastward bound.

As usual, one of his dreams was engrossing him so deeply as to make him almost unconscious of his surroundings. He was wondering why the sea possessed such a strong fascination for him. It all seemed so familiar, every wave, the play of the light on the water. And yet it was his first ocean voyage. He knew just what shape the spray would take, as the waves curled and bounced over one another, striving to escape from the sides of the swiftly moving ship. The white foam, changing to light green beneath, on the back-ground of the deep blue water, how well he knew its every shade. And yet he felt that some great grief, perhaps in a previous existence, had linked him to the sea, for it made him sad and melancholy to gaze steadily over the water, and it would calm and subdue his gayest moods. It moved him most at sunset, for then a dread seized him so that he wished to cry aloud, when he saw the sun drop below the horizon's rim, and the blackness of night creep up.

A friend came up and took him from his reverie, to join the crowd in the smoking cabin and take a hand at cards. His luck was good but he had no heart for the game, and at last, with an excuse, he left the cabin and stepped out on deck again. The sun was just going down,

and the ship was rushing toward the night. He walked to the stern to be alone and watch the end of day. He leaned against the rail awhile, looking at the swirling water which the propellers caused to writhe like a great snake in its death agony. Glancing up, he saw, standing not far from him, a young girl whom he had met the day before at dinner. She was not very tall, nor yet very pretty, but her face, set off by fluffy brown hair, was attractive and interesting. She was very pale. He had learned that she was going abroad for her health, as the most cruel of all diseases, consumption, had laid hold of her. At first he was slightly irritated that his solitary vigil had been disturbed, then relieved, for the twilight did not depress him so, if someone were near. He made some commonplace remark, to which she did not reply immediately, as her hazel eyes were fixed wistfully on the west, from which the ship seemed so eager to flee.

"Does it ever seem to you," she asked slowly, "as if, at sunset, all hope was being taken from you, drawn down with the sun, and you were left to struggle alone with a vast unknown?"

He started slightly, and looked at her, but she seemed to be speaking more to herself than to him.

"See, it sinks. How I dread to see it go! The 'still shades darken like some awful pall' and stifle me. Pardon me, I have become so accustomed to this sensation of mine, that I forget that others see only beauty in the sunset, not despair."

He was moved and did not know what to say, for he had never met anyone before who had the same thought about the sunset that he did. People always jarred on his nerves by raving over its beauties.

They strolled up and down the deck, after dinner, and stood by the rail watching the phosphorescence gleam-

ing in the wake. Then he told her, for he knew she would understand. Never, even to his intimate friends before, had he mentioned his horror of the twilight hour. She listened, and the moonlight shone on her face, making it still more pale and ethereal looking, while the cool night breeze, damp from the sea, stirred her hair.

* * * * *

By the end of the summer they were engaged. The following year, while she was still abroad, he was spending his short vacation by the seaside. His college days were over, and a brief week was all that he could obtain, which he chose to spend beside the sea, for he loved it more than ever now, since he had met her on it.

Late one afternoon, he set off for a long walk along the beach, to read her latest letter. Her letters had inspired him to strive to accomplish something, as nothing had ever roused him before. He had come to depend on them for advice and guidance. The letter read, he became aware that he was a long distance from the hotel and that it was growing late. The sun was just sinking behind the sand dunes. The surf was droning mournfully on the beach. His happiness vanished, and the old feeling of despair and nameless terror came over him, stronger than ever before. The sunset was particularly glorious that evening, with all the indescribable beauty of coloring of which the poets tell us. But how dark and threatening it looked out at sea! The line of breakers gleamed ghost-like, and but a single star pierced the gloom to the east. He was but a single soul in all that vast space, and how hopeless it all seemed.

Darkness at last overtook him, and when he reached the hotel he sat down to write to her, hoping that his mood would leave him then, but it was no use. He could not shake it off. He did not sleep all that night. The

next morning, a bell-boy handed him a cablegram. Hastily seizing it, he tore it open, and staggered back. The message read: "She died last evening at sunset." The surf droned mournfully on the beach.

—*J. R. Crawford.*

ENGLISH INFLUENCE UPON THE FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

As the French Renaissance came from Italy and as Spain revived French literature in the early seventeenth century in the dramas of Corneille, so it was England which gave the first impulse to the revolutionary writings of the eighteenth century. "As the English have profited so much from works in the French language, so the French in their turn ought to borrow from the English." Thus it was that in 1727 the exiled Voltaire wrote from his English retreat and with the book containing these words was ushered in a new era in French literature.

For a third of a century, ever since the death of Racine brought to a close the classical period, no author of the first rank had appeared in the land of Molière. But this dearth was not to continue, for a new galaxy of authors was soon and suddenly to appear.

During the years 1727-30, the seeds of many a revolution were planted. It was then that Voltaire and Montesquieu were in London. For both of them England was a school, but how different was its effect upon the two minds; one studied the religious tolerance, the other political liberty; one saw more clearly the evils in his own country, the other learned to appreciate the advantages of a free

government; one became a destroyer, a sceptic, the other a political architect and reformer.

Voltaire was most truly the representative spirit of the eighteenth century, the greatest man of letters whom France produced; and if in his writings we find a powerful English influence it will show clearly the immense power wielded by England over the domain of French thought. Before crossing the channel, Voltaire had made a name for himself. He was a profligate young man, who had written a few successful plays. For political reasons, he was exiled in 1727 and the next three years he spent in London, never apparently going beyond the immediate vicinity of the Capital. Having become acquainted in France with the English statesman and philosopher Bolingbroke, the young Frenchman was received by the influential Englishman and through him was brought into contact with the most celebrated men of the time, Chesterfield, Young, Thompson, Congreve, Gay, Pope and Swift, and each of these characters was duly admired and imitated by the fortunate exile. First of all our author learned to speak English so well that he wrote both prose and verse in this foreign tongue. Thus equipped he went about, mingling with all sorts of men, high or low, observing closely the new manners and customs until he secured that knowledge of England which was afterwards shown in almost every one of his writings. Voltaire's time was well occupied while he was abroad. Before leaving Paris, he had written an epic poem entitled "*La Henriade*," dealing with the times of Henry IV of France. In England, Voltaire revised his work and dedicated it to the Queen in a preamble in which he acknowledged his obligation to English freedom for the spirit of liberty which is so evident throughout the poem. He attended the plays of Shakspeare and though he characterized them as barbarous and totally unfit for a civilized audience, nevertheless he drew

from "Julius Caesar" the inspiration for "Brutus" and "La Mort de César," while in "Zaïre" we find another Desdemona murdered by her unjustly jealous lord.

The most important result of Voltaire's sojourn in London was his importation thence of the whole Newtonian system of philosophy. Shortly after landing in England, he was present at and was deeply impressed by the funeral of the great philosopher, who was buried in Westminster while the most illustrious of the English nobility did him honor. Curious as to the cause of such homage, Voltaire began to study most diligently the works of Newton and on his return to France, introduced them to his countrymen. In three of the "*Lettres sur les Anglais*" is given a correct though rather general sketch of Newton's discoveries. It was impossible to secure permission to publish the book in France, but it was printed across the border and soon created a bitter controversy among the *littérateurs* of Paris. The theories of Descartes had not before been disputed, and Church and State united in opposing the new doctrines, but the "System of Worlds" prevailed and before long was generally accepted even by the Academy. The Newtonian philosophy was more fully explained by Voltaire in 1738 and by a number of other writers during the latter half of the century. The Roman Church, by being proved fallible, received the first of the mighty blows destined soon to overthrow its power.

It is in the realm of religious thought that Voltaire's influence is most felt today. He left France a doubter, disgusted with the hypocrisy and fanaticism of the clerical party. England, at that period, was spiritually at a low ebb. There had been a great reaction from the deeply, almost fanatically religious time of the Roundheads. Deism had become popular and with it came naturally an indifference to spiritual matters. There being such a lack of interest in the Church, there was of course no religious

persecution. Such was the England in which Voltaire spent three of his best years. Such a difference from his own country could not but affect him mightily. Consequently there is scarcely one of his works in which we cannot find evidence of his deep hatred of the Church as it existed in France, and a devotion to the freedom of thought which he had so enjoyed in a foreign city. It was as the "Liberator of the Human Mind" that he wished to be known, and for his services against fanaticism he most deserves to be remembered.

Of the same age and with talents nearly equal to Voltaire, Montesquieu too received in England impressions which changed the whole tenor of his thought. He had, before his English experiences, written a book, "*Lettres Persanes*," in which he discussed morals, religion, philosophy, and politics and in a humorous way propounded problems of a most serious nature, but offered no solution to them. Villemain calls the book "*le plus profond des livres frivoles*." It was left to a sojourn in a free country to awaken in him thoughts of political reform, the answer to his previous questions. For twenty years his writings scarcely touched upon revolutionary ideas and for that reason, though works of great merit, their influence upon literature and history was small. In 1748 Montesquieu's last and greatest work, "*L'Esprit des Lois*" appeared. In this book the author described the English constitution in a manner similar to that employed by Bryce in the "*American Commonwealth*." He accomplished his task so well that he made England the object of envy to all Europe, and it might truthfully have been said that he understood their constitution better than the English themselves and that he was revealing its advantages to those who had long owned it. The book deals with governments of three classes, republican, limited monarchical and despotic. Each form is discussed with reference to its utility to the people

and the preference is given to the second, to a style of government exactly like that of England under George II. Naturally the book did not receive a hearty welcome throughout the Continent, but its influence continued to grow and within fifty years nearly every nation in Europe adopted a form of government similar to that which Montesquieu had described. Thus it was that the English constitution, the growth of centuries, required at last a French medium to become known to the world at large.

In 1727, Chambers' *Encyclopaedia*, entirely the work of one man, appeared in London. A Parisian publisher, engaged to print a translation of the work in French, secured the royal sanction for himself alone, and when the promoters of the enterprise returned to London in disgust, the editorship was given to Diderot, a young man of fine parts but as yet undistinguished. Finding many changes necessary, he determined that the whole work should be rewritten, and many well known men were engaged to assist him. Such is the history of the origin of the greatest work of the century. The editors accepted without a change the ideas of Bacon and Locke. "All men are born free and equal" was enunciated by these encyclopaedists, before ever Jefferson made the words immortal. Fanaticism was boldly attacked and the right of one man to control, absolutely, his fellowmen was openly questioned. The conditions of the laboring classes in England and France were compared and this rebellious sentiment was expressed. "The English have not the exclusive right to be citizens. What has been done in England can be done in France." As volume after volume of the work appeared, the government became alarmed and tried to suppress it. Many interruptions interfered with the progress of the *Encyclopaedists*, but patiently they continued and the last volume issued from the press in 1771, thirty years after the work was undertaken. The sale of the *Encyclo-*

paedia was comparatively large, and thus spread abroad through France the ideas so many of which were imported from England.

The Genevese Jean-Jacques Rousseau was the successor of Montesquieu, but he inherited to only a slight extent the English tendencies of his predecessor. In the "Contrat Social," the idea that law to be natural must be for the benefit of all the people, was possibly of English origin, but Rousseau was fundamentally an original writer. Branching out into new lines of thought, he opened up new worlds to Frenchmen and became the moving spirit of the Revolution. "Freedom by Social Contract; such was verily the gospel of that era." Rousseau spent more than a year in England and during that time produced the first six books of his "Confessions," in which, strange to say, we find but little trace of his new surroundings. He was essentially Swiss, and taking Nature for his guide, he worked out his own theories independent of all else.

Of the other great writers of the century, Buffon, Brissot, Helvetius, Maupertius, M. and Mme. Roland, Mirabeau, all visited England and brought back some inspiration at least from their island neighbors. Indeed, it would have been peculiar if they had not been greatly impressed by the contrast with their native land. England possessed a free press, freedom in religion, in philosophy, in criticism. Newton could upset all preconceived theories of the universe and Hume could deny the existence of a God with absolute impunity, while under the Louis all such liberty was rigorously suppressed. The English philosopher propounded his theories which rarely passed beyond the bounds of speculation among a people naturally satisfied with their political and religious freedom. But these same doctrines, when carried across the Channel, assumed a more practical form and led rapidly toward '89. This philosophic intercourse between the two nations was

very great. In Villemain we read that "there was no thought in the French philosophy of the eighteenth century that was not to be found in the English school of the beginning of the century." Such a confession from a Frenchman must carry weight, especially since it is followed by the statement that "so true was the above that it was necessary to study the English originals in order to get a fair idea of the French writings of that period, in almost every department of literature." The Anglo-Saxon built with solidity, the Celt added beauty of expression and attractiveness of form and introduced in Europe the reign of literature.

—*Robert W. Carter.*

EDITORIAL.

We take pleasure in announcing that the LIT. Prize for Oratory has been awarded to DeWitt Vermilye Hutchings, of the Class of 1901, whose oration appears in this issue.

THE DEBATING PRIZES.

The liberality of Mr. Trask in establishing a permanent debating fund certainly demands a special expression of our appreciation. The importance of the intercollegiate debate is too well established to deserve mention here, and it is in view of this very importance that anything which adds to the interest of either preliminary or final debates or increases our debating facilities is to be most gladly welcomed. The offer of regular prizes for excellence in preliminary debates will undoubtedly increase the number of competitors for positions on the debating-team, in that it will appeal to many men who have felt in the past that, aside from the honor, the practical returns which the debater receives are not proportionate to the amount of work required of him. This does not necessarily imply a mercenary spirit for it is also true that the offer of such a prize for individual excellence in these debates will act as an incentive to greater efforts and more careful preparation on the part of all competitors. Indeed, increase in the number of contestants and greater excellence in debate are the two results which, it is hoped, the establishment of this prize will produce.

It is a consideration of no less importance that this gift, in providing for a permanent expense fund, will in a measure relieve the drain upon the treasuries of the Literary Societies, and therefore we are doubly indebted to Mr. Trask for his generosity.

SCHOLASTIC PUBLICATIONS.

The college literary magazine fills a definite and recognized position, both in its intimate connection with college interests and, though perhaps in a modest way, in the world of current literature. But the success of the college magazine has called forth a host of imitators. The number of periodicals and magazines, small and great, which pour forth from our preparatory schools and academies is little less than appalling.

There was a time, it is true,—nor was it so long ago—when the increasing number of these minor publications was taken as a most welcome indication of a revival, or more correctly perhaps, of a growing interest in literature and literary activity generally. To a certain extent, indeed, this view was, and in many cases still is, justified; but on the other hand we cannot regard this heterogeneous mass of “literary” periodicals with wholly unqualified approval.

These publications fall naturally into three classes; those which are animated by a genuine interest in literary work; those which make no pretense of possessing such merit and serve merely as a bulletin of academic events, and, finally, those which exist solely that their supporters may claim that they, too, have a “paper,” or because their income from advertisements will more than cover their running expenses. For the existence of this class, and unfortunately it is by far the largest, we can find no justification; it serves only to increase the burden of the already over-crowded second class mails.

The school magazine which has a definite literary aim deserves only commendation and encouragement, offering as it does to its contributors an opportunity for that practice in writing which is so essential to future success.

But in one department at least we feel that some of these publications are entering a field of work which would be more properly left to the college literary magazine. In the matter of book reviewing it is only reasonable to suppose that the college man's greater intellectual maturity should better fit him for this sort of literary criticism. We would suggest therefore that preparatory school papers do not carry their imitation of the college publication to the extent of undertaking work which is not always adapted to their capacity and which by exhausting the publishers' supply of books for this purpose has occasionally made it impossible for the larger magazines to secure important works for review.

GOSSIP.

But I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world.

—Thackeray.

In his last paper, on the young woman of the present and of the past generation, Gossip concluded by three quotations, from Tennyson, from Kipling and from Thackeray. The sentiments expressed in those quotations he no more meant to be considered as his own than he meant that the quotations themselves should be taken seriously. Both of these things have happened. The first part of that "Gossip" was written in all earnestness, the conclusion was intended (Heaven forgive me) for a joke. Who could have supposed that it would be treated in any other way? That he was misunderstood Gossip regrets, but he cannot think that it was altogether his fault. On this subject his position is very plain. For "woman, as she is a woman," he has all of the respect and admiration that every man should have for one of the other sex. He would that every man in this college, like Lamb's Joseph Paice, of Bread-Street-Hill, "reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*." He believes with his whole heart that "the sex, *qua* womanhood, should receive the chivalric homage of every true man," and that "this is due to the woman and it is owing by the man to his own best self." "I have still the conviction" wrote a cultured gentleman of the old school, wise in the things of this world and of the next, "that bravery, gentleness, devotion to mother, wife, sister, sweet-heart, yes even to the mere ideal of lovely woman, go to the formation of nobility in a man's mental and moral make-up. The songs of the days of knighthood should sound in his ears and touch his heart." Amen, and amen. "Think, sir," wrote Thackeray, "of what they (your sisters) are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them." Gossip repeats, *Amen*. In still another place we find these words of the novelist, who was novelist and gentleman too, "Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise; as a man man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church."

But then there is the other and the sadder side of this question. Further on in his essay on "Gallantry" Lamb says, "but just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex. . . . she deserves to have diminished from herself." And this is Gossip's fear. He is afraid that woman is steadily derogating respect from herself. Understand.

he believes that a man should show every woman the respect that is due to her sex whether he feels for her that respect or not, this "due to the woman and owing by the man to his own best self." But Gossip goes further than that, he wants every woman to deserve the respect of men by her own worth. He believes that woman is moulded of a finer clay than man; he believes that she has finer and more delicate perceptions; he believes that she has nobler qualities. But he fears that the tendency to-day of the so-called emancipation of woman is coarsening that clay, is blunting those perceptions, is degrading those fair qualities. He dreads lest there be some truth in the toast of the Colorado Senator "To women, formerly our superiors, now our equals." Man is as chivalric as ever he was in the days of knighthood and grailing, woman gives him every day less and less chance to prove it. Why can she not understand what a mistake she is making. Having eyes she sees not. If she would but pause and think, surely she would know how much better it were to become again such as that one of whom Wordsworth tells:

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

"And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A Perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

ERRATUM.—The dedication ascribed in last month's "Gossip" to Henry Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" should have been attributed to his "Poetry of Tennyson."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TO CORDELIA.

AFTER READING "KING LEAR."

Sweet, queenly-breasted mistress of our love,
Fond daughter of the foolish, fond old king,
Fair, fearless soul—to thee we too would cling;
Then let the blasting bolts strike from above—
From that black, frowning heaven we know not of,
And swiftly cleave the broad-branched oak, and bring
The floods and torrents—still our hearts will sing,
If thou be hovering o'er—a brooding dove.

But no. Thy story is a poet's tale,
And like a blessed vision thou hast passed,
Yet hast thou taught us in life's bitter gale
Of falsehood, sin, ingratitude, no blast
Can that most priceless gift from us e'er part,
A loving woman's true and noble heart.

—*Edward M. Spencer, in Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

SONNET: WORDSWORTH.

Long, Wordsworth, have I missed thy beauty, long
Have looked on all thy verse as barren prose
Where Morals and Philosophy arose
To prate of truth and wisdom, right and wrong.
Melodious music, lyric burst of song—
The gladsome offspring of the poet's throes—
I found them not, but went as one who goes
Blinded by light unseen because too strong.

The light which erstwhile dazzled now grows clear:
Philosopher and poet are akin:
Both look without on nature and within
On man; nor is the gaze in aught austere.
He whoso'er will seek at last shall find
The throbbing heart beneath the sentient mind.

—*Charles Lockwood, in Columbia Literary Monthly.*

BOOK TALK.

Emerson and Other Essays. by John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons : \$1.25.

Even a casual reader of these essays would be likely to notice that one idea runs through the book, or rather that the book has a unity of view-point which is usually lacking in a volume of miscellaneous essays. Three of the shorter papers indeed are altogether different in character from the others, but with this reservation the book might reasonably have been entitled "*Individualism in Literature.*" Mr. Chapman develops and successively applies this idea to Emerson, Browning, Whitman and Stevenson. It is not hard to see that Emerson and Carlyle are his prophets. His style, when the thought allows it, savours very strongly and by no means offensively of Carlyle. This resemblance seems to be the result not of a mere facile reproduction of Carlyle's mannerisms, but of an organic similarity in their modes of thought, enabling him to appreciate Emerson, who himself in so many ways resembled Carlyle. Mr. Chapman's essay on Emerson is thoroughly well done. It is full of the historic sense by which alone we can really understand a character of the past, and discovers a thorough knowledge of Emerson's time which gives his historic sense material upon which to work. Whether because we are so little withdrawn from that period or because the men whom we regard as the foremost figures of their time had then comparatively small influence, we have a false and hazy idea of American life seventy years ago. It was, says Mr. Chapman, "the time of humiliation, when there was no free speech, no literature, little manliness, no reality, no simplicity," it "was the era of American brag. We flattered the foreigner and we boasted of ourselves. We were oversensitive, insolent and cringing. . . . Underneath everything lay a feeling of unrest, an instinct,—'this country cannot permanently remain half slave and half free,'—which was the truth *but which could not be uttered.*" It was this characteristic of American life that was most noticeable to foreigners, especially Tocqueville, who said, "Freedom of opinion does not exist in America." This seems rather odd at first and we are inclined to disbelieve it, but when we consider the situation of the country at that time we see the causes if not a justification of that restraint that, not government, but society put upon the expression of opinion. This timidity in the expression of opinion opposed to that of the majority has lessened greatly, but it has not altogether disap-

peared, as we must admit if we would be candid. That we are more courageous and manly in our utterances we owe to a great degree to Emerson. The principal thought in Emerson, recurring again and again, urged upon us continually and presented in many different fashions, is the value of the individual, the need of self reliance. "If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson," says Mr. Chapman, and in another place, "The unending warfare between the individual and society shows us in each generation a poet or two, a dramatist or a musician who exalts and deifies the individual, and leads us back again to the only object which is really worthy of enthusiasm, or which can permanently excite it—the character of a man. It is surprising to find this identity of content in all great deliverances. The only thing we really admire is personal liberty. Those who fought for it and those who enjoyed it are our heroes." Mr. Chapman shows how in Emerson's mind this idea was of such vital import that, with the idea of the Moral Law, it is the theme of nearly every thing he wrote. This fact, Mr. Chapman believes, explains and to a degree justifies the peculiarly fragmentary character of Emerson's style; all that he says is dependent upon this great theme, and his work therefore, however fragmentary it seems, possesses a unity owing to the great idea underlying it. Mr. Chapman's remarks on Emerson are extremely interesting when we remember the sharp criticism made upon Emerson's style, that he seems to have written his sentences on separate slips of paper, thrown them into a hat and, drawing them out one by one, allowed chance to decide in what order they should appear. It was not really so bad as that, but Mr. Chapman admits that "he was subject to ecstasies during which his mind worked with phenomenal brilliancy. In order to take advantage of these periods of divination he used to write down the thoughts that came to him at such times. From boyhood onward he kept journals and commonplace books, and in the course of his reading and meditation he collected innumerable notes and quotations which he indexed for ready use. In these mines he 'quarried' for his lectures and essays. When he needed a lecture he went to the repository, threw together what seemed to have a bearing on some subject and gave it a title."

The essay on Emerson is the most thorough and the most suggestive, but in the following essays on Browning and Whitman the viewpoint is the same, their work is regarded as the expression of their character. Mr. Chapman, although he appreciates Browning, does not consider him in the strict sense of the word a great poet. He insists that his verse is bad. About this there is room for question. It has never been investigated in a really thorough way, but Mr. Corson, who continually reads Browning aloud with his classes and is also an authority on versification, claims that Browning's blank verse is constructed with great artistic skill, and the burden of proof seems to lie on Mr. Chapman. His essay on Whitman is extremely sensible, he gives Whit-

man credit for those powers which he had, and is not deluded by them into believing that Whitman had no faults or that he can be accepted as the authoritative interpreter of the American. Mr. Chapman's criticism is very just and searching—"The man knew the world merely as an observer, he was never a living part of it, and no mere observer can understand the life about him. In all that concerns the human relation, Whitman is as unreal as, let us say, William Morris, and the American mechanic would probably prefer Sigurd the Volsung and understand it better than Whitman's poetry." The essay has been greatly marred, however, by an entirely gratuitous and uncalled-for assertion, which is too absurd to refute, "There has never been an English critic of the first rank, hardly a critic of any rank." The essay on Stevenson is extremely suggestive, criticising the lack of individuality in his style and its entirely imitative character. This has been done before but it has been by way of generalisation and has not been minutely applied. Mr. Chapman quotes passages from Addison, Sir Thomas Browne, Bacon, Lowell, Carlyle and others, which when we compare with similar passages from Stevenson we know must have been models for his imitation. We know this from Stevenson himself and it is beyond doubt an element of weakness in him which may cause him to be forgotten when his models are no nearer oblivion than now. Besides these critical essays, Mr. Chapman gives us a translation of the fourth Canto of the *Inferno*. No other attempt has been made, we believe, to use the *terza rima* in an English translation, and we must admit that while it is cleverly done it is hardly worth doing. The English rhymes ending nearly always in consonants are so entirely different in effect from the open vowel rhymes of the Italian that to us Longfellow's blank verse conveys better the effect of the Italian than does Mr. Chapman's *terza rima*. No attempt has been made to use in this translation the double rhymes of the original for it would be almost impossible and would almost certainly detract from the dignity of the verse. Even the *terza rima* has a jingle about it in English which in Mr. Chapman's version at least suggests the verse of one who is no less remote from Dante than Pope. A rhyme in Italian is so different in effect from our laboured rhymes constructed out of a thin vowel and two or three consonants that the chief value of Mr. Chapman's translation is that it makes us appreciate Longfellow's. The translation moreover departs from the original in failing to confine strictly the sentences within these verses. This fault is even more fundamental or quite as much so as the clumsiness of the rhymes. Such weaknesses however prove that to approximate in English the effect of the Italian we must choose some other meter than the *terza rima* and by no means discredit Mr. Chapman's skill in attempting an extremely difficult task,

Gallops. By David Gray. New York: The Century Company.

When one has finished reading "Gallops" he says "Good!" and then he says 'good' again, and turns back over its pages and reads parts here and there that catch his eye. More than likely he will have reread most of the stories through before he lays the book down a second time. The tales are of a hunting community, a town in New York somewhere, called Oakdale, but the reader need not be a "horsey" man nor even know very much about horses to enjoy them. The plots are all perhaps more or less conventional, excepting the "Bishop's Missionary Meeting" and "The Ride of His Life," but the telling of them is rarely good and the conversations delicious. He is a dull reader whose heart doesn't beat faster as Braybrooke leaps on his bridleless horse and thunders down the homestretch of the steeplechase with three men ahead and three hard jumps to take, winning by a magnificent burst in the last twenty yards, or who doesn't laugh mightily with the members of the Oakdale Hunt as Cordillas y Sandoval delivers his thrilling eulogy of that good horse Thomas Dooley, or who doesn't chuckle over the clever way in which Mrs. Innes gets back at the Oakdale men for the trick they played on that same Cordillas, or who doesn't grin at Carty Carteret's sister's profound remarks on horseflesh and at the Earl of Reddesdale's "Oh, I say, I should never get my tea!" just before he takes that awful jump over the broken bridge. Perhaps the cleverest conversation in the book is that of the Bishop and Mrs. Adams and Miss Colfax in the first story "The Parish of St. Thomas Equinus." The Bishop has been telling them of a runaway in which he had just taken an unwilling part and at the end of which Willie Colfax who had driven him made a deal with another chap named Charley Galloway. "'I think,' said he, 'that if you will allow me, I must call Mr. Galloway a very extraordinary young man.' Mrs. Adams laughed. 'He must have had that waistcoat on,' she said meaningly to her niece." In the course of his narration of the deal the Bishop says "But finally he brought out a big sorrel horse which he called Lorelei." 'Lorelei? Lorelei?' repeated Miss Colfax. 'How was she bred?' The Bishop sat up with a start. 'Oh, never mind!' she continued, 'Probably you didn't ask.' To appreciate all this aright it must be understood that the Bishop was a stout, elderly person, only accustomed for twenty years to the duties of a city clergyman and quite new to Oakdale and its ways. Again the Bishop says that one of the men asked him if he didn't think the legs of the horse the other was trying to trade him hadn't been "fired." "Well, Mr. Galloway was indignant about it; and I said I shouldn't venture any opinion—in fact I said I hadn't any, which was the truth." 'How odd!' said Miss Colfax, looking at him suspiciously. 'Not at all,' her aunt

objected. 'Sometimes even a veterinary can't tell.'" Then the Bishop mentions the animal's pedigree, whereupon Miss Colfax breaks in "'War-cry out of a Lapidist mare, second dam by True Blue, third by Longfellow; it's very good isn't it.'" The Bishop looked appealingly at Mrs. Adams. 'Yes, it's capital,' she said reassuringly." There is one other bit in this story which I wish to quote as it shows up the girl in a very different light. They are talking about the legs of the horse which Galloway traded to Colfax. "'I have my suspicions about those legs,' Miss Colfax remarked. 'Charley Galloway is a bit too keen for a gentleman.' She moved idly to the piano, and began to play. The Bishop watched her with growing amazement. She played on, perhaps for ten minutes. 'That was very beautiful—wonderful' he exclaimed when she stopped. She nodded, and swung herself around on the piano-stool. 'Do you remember whether the cobs were light chestnut?' she asked."

All of Miss Carteret's remarks in the last story are good. At one time she is watching a lot of men examining a horse that is up for sale. "'Are all those grown men honestly poring over that horse' she asked. 'They are' said Varick. 'An occasion like this is a sacrament to them.' 'How funny it is, when you think about it!' she exclaimed. 'And do they really find out all sorts of things when they feel his legs and look at his teeth?'" Again "A system of judging horses by their tails would appeal to me. But what difference does it make whether a horse has fluted colonial legs, or smooth round ones? Absolutely none!" And this is good from Bennings, who was quite as stupid an ass as one would often meet. "You know that's the only thing I have against an Englishman. Awfully good sort, but no sense of fun, you know. I've been over there a good deal, but I can't get used to that. I call it the national defect. This chap, you know—Mark Twain—he's noticed the same thing about 'em."

Unquestionably the best story in the book is "Chalmer's Gold Piece." In interest, in cleverness of plot, in delicious dialogue, the tales anywhere are few that are its equals. I shall not spoil a good story by attempting to tell it here, though to do so is a sore temptation. Any one who hasn't read it has missed a thing unusually good and has a treat in store for him; and any one who has read it is the possessor of a pleasant memory. The "Fence-Breakers' League" is an adaptation of a rather conventional plot to the exigencies and setting of a hunting community. Of the remaining stories the best are "Braybrooke's Double-Event Steeple-Chase," "His First Race" and "The Bishop's Missionary Meeting." The characters of the Bishop, Jimmy Braybrook, Varick and Eleanor Colfax are all cleverly drawn.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Roman African. By Gaston Boissier. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co.: New York.

Goncourt Selections. By A. Guyot Cameron. American Book Co.: New York and Chicago.

Lyrics of the Hearthside. By Paul Lurance Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.

The Amateur Craksman. By E. W. Hornung. Scribners': New York.